

# The Critic

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## THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

FOR MAY.

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE opens the number with a paper on "*Miracles and Medicine*," showing how tales of miraculous cures grew and multiplied in the middle ages, and how the art of medicine was kept down by ecclesiastical jealousy and greed. Further examples of delusions concerning the cure of disease are given by LEE J. VANCE, who sketches the "*Evolution of Patent Medicine*." One of our newest scientific industries is explained by FREDERIK A. FERNALD in an illustrated article entitled "*Ice-making and Machine Refrigeration*." The controversial essay, "*Professor Huxley on the War-path*," by the DUKE OF ARGVLL, is concluded in this number. A paper by SHERIDAN DELEPINE, M.B., describes modern methods of "*Fortifying against Disease*." An illustrated account of "*Some Games of the Zuni*," several of which are intensely exciting, is contributed by J. G. OWENS. A promising solution of the great educational problem of the day is suggested in "*An Experiment in Moral Training*," by Dr. MARY V. LEE. Some forms of minute vegetation are described by Mrs. K. B. CLAYPOLE, with illustrations, in "*My Garden on an Onion*." W. C. CAHALL, M.D., sketches the history of "*The French Institute*," giving especial attention to its Academy of Sciences. Some of Froebel's stimulating ideas are set forth in a paper on "*The Education of Children*." DOMINICK DALY tells the strange story of "*The Mexican Messiah*," and there are a *Sketch* and a *Portrait* of Captain NIELS HOFFMEYER, a Danish meteorologist of much ability. In the Editor's Table attention is called to some of the wonders of electricity, under the title "*The Youngest of the Sciences*," and the weakness of recent attempts to discredit the doctrine of natural selection is pointed out.

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### Literature

#### "A Plea for Liberty"

THIS book is a collection of essays by thirteen different writers all relating to the subject of the proper limits of state action. They are of unequal merit, some being thoroughly well reasoned and temperately expressed, while one or two are unworthy of a place in the collection. All are written from the standpoint of individualism, and most of them take extreme ground. We have not space to enter upon a detailed examination of them, but must content ourselves with indicating their general character and scope with a few observations on special points. The main object of the writers being to combat socialism, or collectivism, a large portion of the book is naturally occupied with the various phases of the labor question, five of the essays being almost wholly devoted to it; but the questions of free education and state management of industries are also prominent throughout the book.

The introductory paper, 'From Freedom to Bondage,' is by Herbert Spencer, and contains in brief form a restatement of his well-known views on the evils of excessive state action. The special point which he here makes is that with the progress of time the state has grown less and less restrictive, thus leaving greater scope to the individual and to voluntary associations, and consequently that the present demand for increased interference by the state is reactionary. The next paper is by Edward Stanley Robertson on 'The Impracticability of Socialism,' and pursues a line of argument similar to that of Mr. Graham in his recent work. The author emphasizes particularly the impossibility of fixing rates of wages in a socialistic state, and also the absence of any efficient means of ascertaining what goods will be in demand; and his conclusion is that 'socialism has simply no *locus standi* as a practical scheme for the supply of material wants.' This essay is one of the best in the book; and we can say the same of Mr. George Howell's paper on 'Liberty for Labor,' in which he takes a decided stand against the 'new trades-unionism' and against the demand for an eight-hour law. Mr. Auberon Herbert has also an excellent paper entitled 'The True Line of Deliverance,' in which he shows the folly of many things which the labor unions now do or attempt to do, and points out a more peaceful but more effective line of action. Besides essays dealing with the general question of the limits of state activity and others on the more special topic of labor disputes, there are others still on various themes, such as the post office, free education, socialistic legislation in Australia, and so forth, most of them written with ability and all with the earnestness of conviction. Taken as a whole, the book is a good one, and will be valuable as an antidote to the socialistic and communistic literature of the time.

But while commending the book as a whole, we must enter our protest against certain features of it, and especially against the opposition which most of the writers show to free schools. The leading essay on this theme is by the

Rev. B. H. Alford, his principal argument being that free schools destroy the parent's sense of responsibility for the education of his children, a charge which Americans know to be unfounded. There is also a ranting article by M. D. O'Brien on 'Free Libraries,' in which he actually says that it is just as bad to levy a tax for the support of a public library as it would be to enter your neighbor's house and steal his books (p. 330). Another paper containing some queer moral ideas is that of Wordsworth Donisthorpe, on 'The Limits of Liberty.' Speaking of justice, he says:—'Justice has no meaning at all, that is to say, it conveys no definite meaning to the general understanding' (p. 100); and again he remarks:—'Do not lie. Do not steal. Do not hurt your neighbor's feelings without cause. And why not? Because, as a general rule, it will not pay' (p. 75). We allude to these moral and intellectual vagaries because they seriously detract from the merits of the book, and make it much less effective as a reply to socialism than it would otherwise be. It is to be hoped that the advocates of individualism will hereafter be more judicious.

#### Taine's "Modern Régime"

TAINÉ'S long work on the Origins of Contemporary France is approaching an end, and the first volume of 'The Modern Régime' is before us. Naturally, this period is the most difficult of all to treat, for it is a period not yet over, not yet seen accurately in perspective. Taine's sense of this difficulty, and the keynote of his treatment in general, are found in the closing words of his characteristic preface. In apologizing for his delay in sending forth the results of his investigation, he says:—'An ordinary opinion, caught on the wing, on such a subject, does not suffice; in any event, when one presents an opinion on such a subject, one is bound to believe it. I can believe in my own only when it has become precise and seems to be proven.' We are accordingly led to expect, and are not disappointed in finding, a brilliant, steady, and logical study of the complicated conditions of French society of our century. The first book is devoted to Napoleon, Taine's estimate of whom is familiar enough now. By nature Napoleon was an Italian, and an Italian not of a century ago, but of the Renaissance. His brain was capable of an immense amount of work; and required it for the healthy performance of the brain-functions. He thought in objects, not words; and his thoughts meant deeds, for his dominant passion was will. The caustic summing up of his political work is this, that it was the achievement of 'egoism served by genius.'

After the discussion of the character of Napoleon there follows, as the bulk of the book, a discussion of the relations of government to people; and an elaborate contrast is drawn between the Ancien Régime and the new system established by Bonaparte. From the standpoint of a person who believes in the negative character of the duties of a state, Taine shows the merits and the defects of the two systems. In contrast to the confused order of things in the old régime, Napoleon established a single, definite principle to guide men to the right performance of their duties as members of the state. This principle, though not openly proclaimed, is an accepted one. It is personal ambition, glory, the intangible and tangible rewards of fame. Under Napoleon there is no other outlet for energy, for there is no *commonwealth*. Such a state of affairs—every man for himself, a fleet of well- or ill-guided pinnacles instead of a ship of state manœuvred by the joint action of citizens (to use Taine's fine elaboration of the familiar figure)—can have but one outcome—disaster. The governmental machine breaks down, for Napoleon has made his guiding principle of egoism the moral for all other men. The state, then, has ceased to be altruistic, and needs change. And so in France change has succeeded change. The fatal mistake has been in trying to force all Frenchmen to be alike,

\* A Plea for Liberty: An Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation. Edited by Thomas Mackay. \$2.25. D. Appleton & Co.

\* The Modern Régime. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. Tr. by John Durand. Vol. I. \$2.50. Henry Holt & Co.

merely by reason of their being Frenchmen, giving to them all a 'sort of model coat, obligatory in pattern and stuff, which the Government despatches by thousands from the centre to the provinces, to be worn, willingly or not, by figures of all sizes and at all seasons.'

A rapid abstract of what has already been reduced to its compactest form can be satisfying to no one. The book itself is one that is hard to lay aside. The second and concluding volume, to which this first volume serves as a general introduction, will treat of the church, school and family, and will be awaited with keen interest. As a brilliant study, the work will last; and as to the style, it is unquestionably what Arnold would call 'prose of the centre.' To say this of a translation is praise for the translator too.

#### Washington's "Rules of Civility" \*

WASHINGTON in the rôle of Chesterfield presents a new phase of the ever-changing character of the great Revolutionist. The tracking of such a character to its sources is infinitely more interesting than the tracing of the sources of the Nile, and fully as curious. In the one a great physical phenomenon is the reward of the discoverer; in the other the fountain-basins of being are laid bare, and the moulding influences that ate away angularities of nature emerge, and the dews and sunshine of tropic phenomena are replaced by the unseen but equally powerful and strenuous moral chemistries that round and develop the soul. The boyish manuscript in Washington's hand (now in the Archives of Congress) containing his celebrated 'Rules of Civility' is only less interesting than the parchment containing the maxims of Epictetus or the original tablets of Marcus Aurelius would be. The source of these 'Rules' has always been a mystery. Irving mentions but does not quote them. Sparks translates them into Sparks-ese, which is only another way of saying that in his version the 57 'Rules' he quotes are altogether incorrect. Stoddard and Hale reproduce these manipulated tidbits uncritically. And at last Dr. Toner and Moncure Conway, benefiting by the suppressions or inaccuracies of their predecessors, get hold of the Washington copybook in which they were scrawled at fourteen, and reproduce them critically, the one in his invaluable duplicate of Washingtoniana in the Library of Congress, the other in the charmingly edited volume before us.

Under Mr. Conway's and Dr. Garnett's tracing these will-o'-the-wisp rules, hitherto elusive and untraceable, find their probable source in the 'Maximes' of the French Jesuit fathers which had been translated into English by Hawkins and had been dictated orally, in all probability, from the English and French versions combined, by the Rev. James Marye, Washington's teacher at Fredericksburg, Va., in 1745. Marye was originally a Catholic and had been educated at Rouen by the Jesuits. When Fredericksburg was founded, about 1745, he established a school there from which ultimately three Presidents went forth—Washington, Madison, and Monroe. Washington's 'Rules,' Mr. Conway thinks, were possibly a part of the 'course,' either of morals or of dictation, though it is extravagant to assert that Mr. Marye's school was 'probably the first in the New World in which good manners were seriously taught. It is curious that the editor cannot trace these rules further back than the Jesuits of the seventeenth century. They are 'as old as the hills'—at any rate, as old, many of them, as the Babe's Boke, Russell's Boke of Nurture, and Duke Humphrey of Gloucester. A glance at Dr. Furnivall's Old English 'Meals and Manners' (Early English Text Society's Publications) will open Mr. Conway's eyes as to the sources of many of them, and will inform him on many other matters not incongruous with his undertaking. It is a pity that so good a book should be spoiled by the editor's irrelevant harangue on ethics and the 'metaphysics of virtue,' in which his impatience with Christianity is offensively aired, and occasion is taken to

lug in Buddha, Darwin, and Emerson. These views are of no consequence to any one but Mr. Conway, and it is a misfortune that a book which, otherwise, would have been a capital gift-book for a boy or a girl, should be rendered unfit to be put in their hands by such lack of self-suppression. It is the business of an editor to edit, not to preach.

#### Brewer's "Historic Note-Book" \*

'I ALWAYS READ with a slip of paper and a pencil at my side, to jot down whatever I think may be useful to me, and these jottings I keep sorted in different lockers.' Out of these lockers has come 'The Historic Note-Book' of the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D., which he is careful to tell us 'is not an "Historic Dictionary," but a dictionary of historic terms and phrases, jottings of odds and ends of history, which historians leave in the cold.' On looking through these jottings we find that Fatima, Mahomet's wife, was one of 'the five prophets'; that *Galli* is a 'classic form of the word *Keltai*,' and, of course, does not come from *Gel*—stranger, a term applied by each Celtic tribe to its neighbors, and therefore by outside people to the Celts in general; and that the Idæan dactyls were so called from being ten in number, like the fingers, ignoring the usual derivation. In its 997 pages the book contains much that should recommend it to the Society for the Propagation of Useful Knowledge, still there are unaccountable sins of omission as well as of commission. The author tells us of the 'Sortes Virgilianæ' and the 'Sortes Biblicæ': the latter mode of divination he has practiced himself; but he has nothing of the equally convincing experiments made by the Emperors Hadrian and Trajan with the *Æneids*. He tells us of the wonderful George Parker Bidder, who, 'at the age of six, amused himself by counting up to a million,' and of Jean Louis Elizabeth de Montcalm de Candiac, who 'knew his letters when an infant in arms.' But he omits the still more interesting cases of the famous Alphonsus Tostatus, who, almost in his nurse's arms, learned all the sciences and liberal arts without having been taught any one of them, and of Lipsius, who, according to Yorick, 'composed a work the day he was born.' The Note-Book is full of notes theological, yet, somehow, does not contain the form of excommunication writ by Ernulphus, Bishop of Rochester; and, though it mentions Cheou-sin, in whose memorable reign chop-sticks were first used, the inventor of smoked beef tongue, Happe-mouche, is forgotten, and that other glorious potentate 'lequel eut terriblement beau nez à boire au baril.'

#### Lang's "Essays in Little" \*

IF CHARM, as Pascal says, is the object of poetry, it is no less so the heart and soul of prose, for a charmless prose is as destitute of ring as a soulless poetry is of resonance, and both are ignominiously *fade*. The critic need not put on a cuir-ass of brass to brace himself against this *agrément*, this charm of which Pascal speaks: it is a delightful thing wherever it is found, and it is found in certain writers as infallibly as quartz of a certain translucent kind is found filled with golden globules. Prose of a musical and tempting daintiness is always the characteristic of ripe civilizations, whether Alexandrian or Victorian. We need not look for it in coldly classical periods, for it always has something slightly *rococo* about it, and the *rococo* does not blend harmoniously with the statuesque and the classical. The burden of its thought is so great that it cannot be expressed in conventional forms, and it invents felicities and forms for itself, smacking of the old and yet redolent of the new.

Mr. Lang is charged with both electricities—the new (called force) and the old (called magnetism). A little artificial perhaps, a trifle *rococo*, he displays abundant talent in discussing contemporary movements, in peeping and prying into this and that out-of-the-way corner of forgotten

\* Washington's Rules of Civility. Traced to their Sources and Restored. By Moncure D. Conway. \$2. United States Book Co.

\* The Historic Note-Book: With Appendix of Battles. By E. Cobham Brewer. \$2.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.

\* Essays in Little. By Andrew Lang. With Portrait of the Author. \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.



lore, in reviving ancient masterpieces and castaway loves, and in sticking in each cast-off cap some brilliant plume that must attract attention. 'Essays in Little' are a buhl-cabinet in which are treasured his most precious literary bric-à-brac—his devotion to Thackeray, his generous and contagious affection for Dumas, his rather feminine, fickle, caressing, and yet quizzical admiration of Stevenson, and his glowing delight in Kipling. On other shelves lie other loves and hates; the Fashionable Novel, for instance, is incisively punctured and the love of Greek is beautifully sung in a leaflet that ought to be inscribed with letters of gold; and old John Bunyan comes to delightful resurrection in another miniature. Portraits like these are such as the French excel in: brief, to the point, polished to the fingertips, suggestive, creative; the decorations of a Pompeian room rather than the elaborate artifice of Versailles. Always of Mr. Lang it may be said, 'Plus poëtic quam humane locutus es': he always takes the poetical rather than the human side of a question, and by his erudition and his persiflage brews ingenious draughts of intellectual nectar which never fail to give pleasure. Perhaps this is the reason why every now and then a note of insincerity insinuates itself even through his most persuasive periods, and one wonders whether the author is not smiling even when, like Chimène, he is about to overwhelm somebody's laurels under his weight of cypress. But the sensation and the situation are always piquant, and one revels in a Delphic uncertainty as to what the oracle really means.

#### "National Life and Thought"\*

AN EXCELLENT idea underlies this group of lectures,—that of familiarizing the public of England (where they were originally given) with the politics and national development of the different countries of the world. The lecturers were sympathetic men and women who had made special studies in each country or were English-speaking natives thereof; consequently the information they give is generally trustworthy and promotive of international amity. The addresses are short and suggestive though often sketchy and discursive; they are in every imaginable style from the statistical to the sentimental; and they present compendiums of facts often hard to get at and now accessible in a single volume. Two or three of them read perilously like chapters from 'The Statesman's Yearbook' or excerpts from census reports; others are delightfully individual, like those on Norway, Holland, and Spain. Prof. Thorold Rogers, Mrs. Cunningham Graham, and Herr Brækstad discourse charmingly of Dutchman, Spaniard, and Scandinavian, and the literary grace or originality of these essays condones the heaviness of others. The United States, strangely enough, do not appear in the volume: are studiously ignored in fact, while everything else, from Greece to Armenia, is abundantly discussed. Even Gypsy and Egyptian are included in the brotherhood of nationalities from which Uncle Sam is excluded. The authors of many of the articles are foreigners speaking and writing imperfect English—as, for example, the article on Belgium, which is interesting but un-English. The Norwegian address has been 'skimpily' treated by the proof-reader, who is unable to grapple with Norse orthography and Norse *umlauts*. But for all this, 'National Life and Thought' is a happy idea reasonably well executed, except for the omission of certain nations like France, Portugal, and America. Perhaps a still happier idea would be to take the Frenchman, the German, the Swede, the Italian, etc., and individualize each by a discussion of his national traits and training, homelife and education, genius and characteristics, whether in literature or in life. Many people still think Figaro and Faust the typical Frenchman and German, and it would be a charity to loosen and uproot such false ideas.

\* National Life and Thought of the Various Nations Throughout the World. \$3. F. A. Stokes Co.

#### Recent Mathematical Text-Books\*

IF OF MAKING of many text-books there is to be no end, a simple requirement that the harrassed reviewer has a right to make is that each new author should plainly state in his preface what 'felt need' his book is to supply, what defects in previous methods of instruction it remedies, and why it ought to be chosen by the teacher in preference to the hosts of existing books on the subject. Mr. Ball, whose History of Mathematics is well known, has written an elementary Algebra (1) at the request of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. It goes without saying that the book is, mathematically speaking, without defects. It was, moreover, unnecessary to state in the preface that 'the order of arrangement and method of presenting the subject which are traditional in England' have been strictly followed; no Englishman ever ventures to make any change in these respects in either Algebra or Geometry. But it is difficult to see just what place the book is intended to fill in a mathematical course. It is a little too elementary to take the place of Todhunter, not quite elementary enough for beginners, and too large to be both preceded and followed by another book. It contains, however, a truly magnificent collection of examples; and it will be of invaluable assistance to the student in his great task of circumventing the examiner by doing beforehand every problem that can by any possibility be set. Prof. Taylor's Algebra (2), on the other hand, has a distinct feature of its own, in addition to a phenomenal brevity and conciseness,—it introduces the Theory of Limits and Differentiation before the book is half over, and uses Maclaurin's Theorem to prove the Binomial Theorem, the Logarithmic series and the Exponential series. This is not the place for a full discussion of the desirableness of so fundamental a change of order; it has the obvious merit of simplifying proof, but it has the disadvantage that it robs the student of the freshness of interest and of the feeling of the massiveness of the subject with which he ought to enter upon the study of the Calculus. The proofs, throughout the book, so far as we have examined them, are admirably rigorous.

Mr. Wentworth has a comprehension of the sources of the young student's difficulties and a skill in removing them that amount to positive genius. The introduction to his School Algebra (3) is a model of sympathetic elucidation, and the whole book has the well-known merits of his series. The subject does not present the pitfalls to bad reasoning which the author finds disastrous in his Geometry.—It is safe to predict that no teacher will be found so cruel as to inflict Longmans' Junior School Algebra (4) upon his pupils. It is entirely without inner margins, and, in addition to that, it is so bound that the inner inch of each printed page is quite inaccessible to the eye without a very fatiguing amount of exertion on the part of the hands in holding the book open. Even if he could read it, the sensible student would resent being turned into the pure problem-working machine which this book would make him. It is, moreover, a piece of unpardonable inelegance to consider that every phrase of a rule constitutes a distinct rule,—to write down, for instance, five separate and successive 'rules' for performing the addition of like quantities with unlike signs.—'The New Arithmetic' (5) is intended for the higher classes of schools, especially such as prepare pupils for business. It consists of numerous examples, together with some half-pages of hints and definitions in extremely fine print. The preface, by Prof. Safford of Williams College, is not particularly luminous.—'Longmans' School Trigonometry' (6) presents an attractive appearance. It covers

\* 1. Elementary Algebra. By W. W. Rouse Ball. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co. 2. A College Algebra. By J. M. Taylor. \$1.50. Allyn & Bacon. 3. A School Algebra. By G. A. Wentworth. \$1.25. Ginn & Co. 4. Longmans' Junior School Algebra. By William S. Beard. 50 cts. Longmans, Green & Co. 5. The New Arithmetic. Edited by Seymour Eaton. 15th Edition. 75 cts. D. C. Heath & Co. 6. Longmans' School Trigonometry. By the Rev. Frederick Sparks. 80 cts. Longmans, Green & Co. 7. Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus Method of Ratio. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. \$1.65. Ginn & Co. 8. The Directional Calculus, based upon the methods of Hermann Grassmann. By E. W. Hyde. \$2.15. Ginn & Co.

the subject as far as the end of the solution of triangles, and the proofs are treated in a way comprehensible to the beginner. The trigonometrical functions are introduced as ratios, and angle is defined as the magnitude generated by a line revolving in a given plane about one of its extremities.

Prof. Hardy in his 'Calculus' (7) follows the method of rates instead of the method of limits. That method is adopted by Prof. William Woolsey Johnson also, and is treated by him, it goes without saying, with strict mathematical rigor. The same cannot be said of Prof. Hardy's treatment. On page 113 he says:—'Since the total differential . . . can contain only first powers of  $dx$ ,  $dy$ ,  $dz$ , etc., but this is the very thing which needs to be proved. In the fundamental process of getting the differential of a product of two variables, he makes the same wholly unwarranted assumption, but without taking the trouble to state it, and at the same moment he makes the extraordinary error of supposing that if two quantities vary uniformly their product varies uniformly as well. This furnishes a most unsafe foundation on which to build up the coming structure. In many respects, however, the book is very well put together.—Prof. Hyde (8) has done a most useful service, in his Directional Calculus, in bringing the work of Grassman within the reach of the college student, and his task has been executed, as far as we have been able to examine it, in an admirable manner.

#### Recent Fiction

'SCUM,' by Armando Palacio Valdés, is a novel of Madrid society so masterly in its penetration, so scathing in its satire, that if Thackeray had not called our attention to the beam in our own eye, we might say such a state of affairs as it reveals to us was solely attributable to the Latin temperament. This picture of life where the men spend long hours of the day lolling on club cushions, discussing their horses and the latest scandal, and tenderly coloring their meerschauts while they carry on fatuous and peevish disputes that with men of another race would end in lasting animosity, and where the women with their succession of *liaisons*, their complete demoralization and their sweetness of personality are so many Manon Lescauts, is not done with the pen of a clumsy moralist, but with the sharp and delicate tool of the psychological etcher. The story teems with remarkable scenes faithfully and dispassionately portrayed, among which those at the Savage Club, at the dinner given by the Osorios, at the mines of Riosa, at the ball given by the Duke de Requena, and finally in the field to which Clementina and Young Raimondo go out together to burn her love-letters—these show the book to be the work of an artist who has trained himself to paint what he sees without sympathy and without comment. The volume is introduced in some admirable remarks by Edmund Gosse on recent Spanish fiction. (50 cts. United States Book Co.)

'FANTASY,' by Matilde Serao, is a highly developed study of the exotic sensuousness of an exalted egoist. It is a story of wanton destruction of human happiness by one of those supersensitive mystics whose one passion is a frenzy for exquisite and sublimated emotions. It is a malady well known, this religious hyperæsthesia, and peculiarly dangerous to those who are in any way related to the victim. In girlhood it takes the form of passionate weeping, night vigils, trances, long prayers, swoons; in youth, a frantic desire to enter a convent, and when that is denied, to sacrifice oneself to the ministrations of the poor; and then, to be more entirely consecrated to suffering, it takes the form of an altruistic marriage; and finally to elopement with the husband of one's friend. This is the story of Lucia Altimare and Andrea Leiti. Simple, devoted little Caterina, her adoring friend and deserted wife, when she sees that she has lost both friend and husband, with a fine ignorance of emotions to be enjoyed, kills herself. The volume is translated with felicity by Henry Harland, and prefaced by some remarks by Edmund Gosse on Madame Serao's place in Italian literature. (50 cts. United States Book Co.)

'CAMPMATES: A Story of the Plains,' by that ingenious author Kirk Munroe, is a tale for boys, capably written and admirably illustrated. Life on the plains is so full of the unexpected, in the shape of Indians and buffaloes, that a few of these more or less do not diminish the probability of this narrative of Glen Eddy's youth-

ful adventures and escapes. Indeed, the story is more than the narrative of boyish vicissitudes, being an excellent record of the early development of certain Western cities and of certain Indian tribes now fast disappearing before 'the march of civilization,' as typified in the soldier, the agent and the rumseller. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)—THE 'KNIVES AND FORKS; or, Dwellers in Meridien' which Mrs. Frank Lee writes about were not, as the title suggests, plated ware in a certain well-known shop. The name is meant to symbolize two distinct factions in a little country village, and the drift of the story is to show how through religion, self-sacrifice and humanity these divisions were healed. This consummation was brought about by the union of one of the knives with one of the forks—an entirely natural course of affairs, since even in culinary utensils 'every Jack must have his Jill.' The story is well told, without exaggeration, and if some of the metal seems full of alloy, it is duly purified in the crucible of life. (\$1.50. Congregational S. S. and Pub. Society.)—THE NEXT TIME Miss Lucy T. Smith selects material for a novel—and we hope that it will not be soon—let her take some relation in life which she knows more about than the friendship between two men. 'Doctor Cameron' is a book so full of bathos, so false and artificial in its portrayal of human nature, that what good it possesses is corrupted by evil communication. (Eden Remington & Co.)

OF ALL the chaotic, astonishing works of fiction that it has been our fate to read, 'Her Brother Donnard,' by E. E. Veeder, is the most extraordinary. We have been vainly trying to guess whence the author has derived her ideas of human nature. Certainly not from life. Sentimentality may not be accounted one of the fatal diseases, but we are sure that the directors of no conservative life-insurance company would have allowed Col. Winterfield to take out a policy, if they could have seen the seeds of it in his character. The same objection might be made to all the personages in the book. The woman who does the most moralizing we should hardly want for a neighbor, much less for the second best heroine of an emotional novel. She loved a scamp but took her father's advice and gave him up, to marry a man she hoped to love after marriage. Being of a melancholy turn of mind this failed to happen, and she fed her soul on the passionate letters of disappointment from the scamp. The husband, feeling that he had not won his wife's love, and dying for it daily, resolved on a journey to make her regret him, forgetting that absence conquers even love. An accident whereby he was reported dead permits the dissatisfied wife to marry the scamp. The condition of his marrying her is that she shall send away to England her two children. This she does. The scamp, however, tyrannizes over her, and tells her she has grown plain; and somehow things aren't right even yet. So she longs for husband No. 1. Finally the scamp dies, and No. 1 turns up again; and then, with her children about her, and having nothing else to wish for, she takes to moralizing and calls love sacrilegious and men selfish. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

INTO A BOOK of 575 thin and closely printed pages is compressed a translation of Paul Heyse's novel, 'The Children of the World.' To those who have been initiated into the cult of German fiction, the convenient size of the volume will add to its favor. A story of such amplitude needs to be portable. The present work has an ambitious purpose: its main idea is to draw a parallel between the free-thinkers—the children of the world—and those who hold to orthodox creeds—namely, the children of light; but no one of the slightest acumen can feel that Heyse has presented the picture fairly. As a polemic against the Church, it is intolerant and pointless; as a novel it is an interminable elaboration of sensuous pessimism conjoined with Wertherism. Indeed, the characters are impalpable, unreal: they move in the indoor atmosphere of the studio. There are many stories within the plot, but the one of chief interest is that of Toinette Marchand, an imperfect fatalist who commits suicide after having married the Count; and Edwin, the irresistible sentimentalist. The last scene of the book, where Edwin drags his wife out to weep and moralize with him over Toinette's tomb, because he has just seen the Count (who had returned from a two years' pilgrimage to the Holy Land after the death of his wife) driving, in Unter den Linden, with a notorious *danseuse*, is the culminating revelation of his character, and illustrates the unreality of Heyse's creation. (\$1.25. Worthington Co.)

'TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES' is one of Miss Yonge's delightful historical stories. These two little maidens, Eleanor and Jean Stewart, daughters of James I. of Scotland, pined and fretted to get away from their gloomy Dunbar Castle where, after the death of their father, they were confined, to join their sister Margaret, who, married to the Dauphin of France, was revelling in a court



of poetry and chivalry. But two years of that court, the death of their sister and the effort of the wicked Dauphin (then Louis XI.) to marry little Jean, made them as frantically eager to leave as they had been to come. Jean was very thankful to wed Georgie Douglas, a plain Scotch Earl, and go back to her rugged, unlettered Scotland. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)—'MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION,' by the author of 'Laddie,' is a quaint little tale, as delicate in construction as hoar-frost on a window-pane. Miss Toosey wanted to help bring light to the heathen living in outer darkness, but she was too poor to give money, too old to give her services, the antimacassars she made didn't sell; and finally, when she fell ill, she couldn't even pray for them, because she dropped asleep before she got to the poor heathen; and so she died feeling that her five barley loaves had hardly been accepted by the Lord. She had not lived to see the consummation of her mission when John Rossiter, her young friend, offered his services to the Bishop of Nawaub. (75 cts. E. P. Dutton & Co.)—'ANGELA,' by Alice Weber, is the story of one of those sweet, susceptible children who have a melting tenderness toward every wounded thing. When she was young her spirit yearned over bruised animals, and she made a hospital where she cared for them; later in life it was suffering 'humans' she nursed. She married a young physician, happy to be able to follow the law of her benign womanly nature, in which living was giving. (\$1.25. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

THE AUTHOR of 'Patience' has perhaps not realized that many of her readers will be called upon to exercise a good deal of that quality to finish a novel the narrative of whose restricted action covers four hundred closely printed pages. Miss Anna Warner knows what a good story is; she and her sister have told some of the best we have; but the life of Patience Hatheway as here related might have been improved by brevity. The scene is laid in a small New England village, and quaint, dry, New England characters, some humor and more piety, a tremulous sensibility, and fine, conscientious workmanship, give the book a personality and an atmosphere of its own. We feel the courage and dignity of Patience's harmonious nature, her nobility in disappointment; and perhaps she is the more a heroine that she can drown her longing for a wider life and a warmer love, in making biscuits for an obtuse husband's supper; but there are times when her set smile and her repression are particularly irritating, and one feels that she represents the self-obliteration of an age outgrown. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

#### Minor Notices

MR. ANDREW J. PALM has written a work on 'The Death Penalty,' in which he presents in a somewhat elaborate form the objections to capital punishment. He rightly takes the ground that vindictive punishment is wrong, but his arguments to prove that the infliction of the death penalty is 'judicial murder' are by no means so effective as he appears to think. Throughout the book the author is altogether too much influenced by emotion, and many passages are mere rhetoric. He has a chapter on man's moral responsibility, in which he dwells so much on the influence of imperfect education and bad social arrangement that he scarcely recognizes individual responsibility at all. He declares that 'the State sets the example for the murderer by deliberately taking human life,' and sneers at 'the idea of killing a man to show some other man that human life is sacred.' He even goes so far as to say that 'fear as a deterrent to evil doers has ever been a failure both in Church and State,' a doctrine which, if generally adopted, would oblige us to abolish all punishment whatever. His concluding chapter is on the evils of war, which he depicts in vivid colors; but he shows no perception of the moral and political obstacles to the abolition of war. Mr. Palm's work will doubtless be gratifying to those who already agree with him, but we doubt if it will convert anyone who now holds opposite views. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED from the Twentieth Century Publishing Co. several pamphlets setting forth the tenets of that group of men of which Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost is the head. Some of the articles they contain are reprinted from *The Twentieth Century*, and are average specimens of the crazy notions of industry and government that some of our contemporaries entertain. One is entitled 'The Why I Ams,' and consists of several brief papers by various writers, giving the reasons why one is a single-tax man, another a socialist, another an anarchist, and so on. Another pamphlet, by Dyer D. Lum, professes to set forth the 'Economics of Anarchy,' being, in fact, an attempt to give a philosophical foundation to the topsy-turvy method of social reform—an attempt which, as our readers will divine, does not meet with much success. Both pam-

phlets exhibit the shallowness of thought, the passion for wealth and the disregard of accepted principles of political morality which characterize all the communistic and anarchistic literature of the time, but present nothing new. The third work, entitled 'Ideo-Kleptomania,' by J. W. Sullivan, is an attempt to convict Henry George of plagiarism with regard to at least to his ideas; the accusation being that all his leading principles are borrowed from Patrick Edward Dove, who in 1850 published a work setting forth the leading doctrines now associated with Mr. George's name. This charge, originally preferred in the columns of *The Twentieth Century*, was answered by Mr. George in his own paper, *The Standard*, and his answer is reprinted in the pamphlet before us, so that the reader can hear both sides. Mr. George states that he never saw Dove's work until some years after his own was published; but adds that he has never claimed that his own views were new, but on the contrary has always sought to connect them with those of earlier thinkers, and he quotes expressions of similar views from writers much earlier than Dove. We do not care, however, to enter into the merits of the controversy, as the question of Mr. George's originality does not seem to us of much importance. These pamphlets are issued fortnightly, at one dollar a year.

#### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

'*Tongues*' and '*Tongs*' in *Shakespeare*.—Puns and jokes in the plays are often puzzles for the commentator, and some of them we have to give up as hopeless enigmas. In 'The Tempest,' for instance (i. 2. 33), where Sebastian proposes a wager as to whether Gonzalo or Adrian will speak first, Antonio suggests that the stake be 'a laughter'; but what this 'laughter' can be, which is punned upon a moment after, when Sebastian laughs, the critics can only conjecture. As Dr. Ingleby remarks in his 'Shakespeare Hermeneutics,' we want a 'basis' for the pun, but nobody has been able to supply it. '*Laughter*,' the Doctor suggests, 'may be the cant name of some small coin.' In the North of England the word is applied to 'a setting of eggs laid at one time,' but this could hardly be the wager on a desolate island where the persons had been shipwrecked an hour before.

There is a joke in 'Twelfth Night' (i. 3. 98), which was a stumbling-block to the critics until about fifteen years ago:—

*Sir Andrew.* I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting! O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir Toby.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir Andrew.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir Toby.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

A writer on 'Shakespeare's Puns' in *The American Bibliopolist* for June, 1875, says that he was 'sorely puzzled' at this until it dawned on him 'that the facetious knight had made a pun—a first-class pun, too—on the word *tongues*.' His imagination had seized on Sir Andrew's *tongues* and converted them into *tongs*—curling-tongs—the very article required in Sir Andrew's toilet to 'mend' his hair withal, which, without their assistance, hung 'like flax on a distaff,' and most persistently and stubbornly refused to 'curl by nature.'

There can be no doubt that this is the key to the joke; and a recent note from the Hon. Horace Davis, President of the California State University, furnishes interesting confirmation of the exegesis. He writes:—'I came across a couple of lines in Drayton the other day that I thought would please you as an illustration of your note on "Twelfth Night" [p. 125], where Sir Toby chaffs Sir Andrew on his *tongues*. In the Rogburgh Club edition of Drayton (p. 465) is a "Canzonet," not printed in Arber, which ends thus:—

My tongue must cease to tell my wrongs,

And make my sighs to get them tongs,

Yet more than this to her belongs.

These lines indicate absolutely the pronunciation of *tongs*; and notice the curious variation of the spelling.

In a subsequent note Mr. Davis says:—'*Tongues* and *tongs* seems to have been a standard joke. Reading Lyly's "Mydas," a few days ago, I came across this passage (v. 2):—

'*Petulus*. Item, in the servants' chambers two paire of curst queanes' *tongues*.

*Licio*. Tongs thou wouldst say.

*Petulus*. Nay they pinch worse than tongs.

"Mydas" was first printed in 1595. A very interesting chapter might be made of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Lyly, from whom he borrowed quite freely.

Two School Editions of '*Hamlet*.'—Mr. K. Deighton's '*Hamlet*' (Macmillan, 40 cents) has a very good introduction, but the notes are marred by the faults we have criticised in former plays

in the series. There are many notes of this sort:—*'The whisper goes so, it is whispered that the reason of all this is such as I will relate to you; 'those his lands, those lands of his'; 'I take it, I understand'; 'I pray, I strongly urge you'; 'so much for him, of him and his acts I need say no more'; 'Frailty, thy name is woman! If we wished to give frailty a descriptive name, no better one could be chosen than woman'; 'given out, currently reported'; 'in brief, not to enter into details'; and so on. 'The morn in russet mantle clad' is not, I take it, 'dressed in roseate hues,' like Milton's Morn with 'rosy steps,' but an earlier stage of the dawn, when the east first begins to show a dull red. Marry is 'a corruption of the name of Mary,' but not used 'in order to avoid the statute against profane swearing.' The best critics agree that its origin was forgotten in the time of Shakespeare. There are, however, very few of these inaccuracies in the notes, though there are many superfluities.*

Moffat's edition of 'Hamlet' (Moffat & Paige, London, 2s. 6d.) is a better book in some respects, but it has the faults of the 'King John' in the same series, noticed at length in these columns on the 6th of December, 1890.

*Ingersoll on Shakespeare.*—A friend has sent me a newspaper report of Col. Ingersoll's lecture on 'Shakespeare and his Work' at the Broadway Theatre, on March 22d. In it he is represented as saying:—

I have found it difficult to explain the epitaph on his tomb. It is so disreputable that the only reason I can give for it is that it was put there to reconcile the ignorant people of Stratford-on-Avon to the idea of having an actor buried in a church. It was then considered to be disreputable to be an actor or a dramatist. I do not believe that Shakespeare wrote his own epitaph, because some one else wrote it as an apology for placing his remains in that church where the images were once defaced—a church that has been made immortal by the fact that his body lies there.

There is no ground whatever for the supposition that the Stratford folk objected to having Shakespeare buried in the church, or even in the chancel of the church; though 'the selection of that locality for the interment was due,' as Halliwell-Phillips states, 'to the circumstance of its then being the legal and customary burial-place of the owners of the tithes.'

In 1605 Shakespeare had bought for 440*l.* the unexpired term of the moiety of a lease of the tithes of Stratford and three neighboring parishes; and it was probably the most profitable of his many shrewd business operations. The lease had then 31 years to run; and his son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, in 1624, sold the remaining 12 years' rights for 400*l.*, or within 40*l.* of what the poet had paid for the property which yielded him and his heirs good returns for 19 years.

The inscription on Shakespeare's grave probably originated in his aversion to the idea of a possible removal of his bones at some future time to the charnel-house then connected with the church. The transfer of bones from graves to this repulsive receptacle was then an ordinary practice at Stratford. There is a tradition that the poet had been greatly moved by the ghastly appearance of the charnel-house, which the elder Ireland, in 1795, described as containing 'the largest assemblage of human bones' he had ever beheld.

Col. Ingersoll is also reported to have said:—

It has been remarked as curious that in all his works Shakespeare made no mention of any of his contemporaries. It has been urged by some that he was patronized by Queen Elizabeth and that he referred to her in the lines ending 'In maiden meditation fancy-free,' but this is doubtful. It has been said that he mentioned her in the second act of 'Henry VIII.' Some people think that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. But that part of the play of 'Henry VIII.' was written by Fletcher, so that Shakespeare could not have written it.

That the passage in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' (ii. 1. 155—164) refers to Elizabeth no good critic has ever doubted or can doubt. The references to the 'fair vestal throned by the west' and 'the imperial votaress' are unmistakable. But the reporter has probably got things muddled in what he says of the 2d act of 'Henry VIII.' The first two scenes of the act are Fletcher's, but there is no allusion in them to Elizabeth, who was not then born. In the last scene (also Fletcher's) of the play her christening has just taken place and her future renown is prophesied by Cranmer.

Mention of contemporaries is to be found elsewhere in the plays: as, for example, in 'Macbeth' (iv. 1. 121), where the union of the English and Scottish crowns under James I. is predicted; and in 'As You Like It' (iii. 5. 82), where Marlowe is quoted by Phebe:—

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

There is a curious mistake of either lecturer or reporter in the following passage:—

He [Shakespeare] knows how differently the murderer feels before and after his crime, and he knew how to bring that crime vividly before the mind. He brings you the evidence of guilt. In 'Macbeth' when the bell tolls before the murder, Macbeth takes no note of it, but after the murder he says, 'Hear it not, Duncan, for it is the knell.'

Few readers will need to refer to the text to see that it is *before* the murder—in the soliloquy about the air-drawn dagger—that Macbeth, hearing the bell, exclaims (ii. 1. 62):—

'I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.'

## The Lounger

'THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH,' by Prof. James Bryce, M. P., though published but a little more than two years ago, is already regarded as a standard work. It has opened the eyes not only of Englishmen, but of thousands of Americans as well, to the character and workings of the American plan of government. It is the product of a strong and highly cultivated mind, prepared for the writing of such a work by years of special study and observation; and it is marked by a singular candor and freedom from prejudice. America owes Mr. Bryce a debt of gratitude for writing the book which it can repay in only one way: by buying and reading the book itself. At the time it was written, it unfortunately happens, our Government's eyes were still sealed to the iniquity and inexpediency of suffering foreign writers to be despoiled by American publishers: the Copyright bill, now happily passed, was still pending. As a consequence, there are to-day two editions of 'The American Commonwealth' on the market. One bears the imprint of Macmillan & Co. of New York, and is published with Mr. Bryce's approval; the other is issued by C. H. Sergel & Co. of Chicago in defiance of the author's wishes and disregard of his moral rights. The Macmillan edition is complete and authentic; the Sergel edition is robbed of much of the matter that belongs in it, and padded out with stuff which Mr. Bryce has had no hand in procuring. Each edition is in two volumes, and the price of each is the same—\$2.50. Which will honest American buy: the garbled one, which is sold only for the benefit of the unscrupulous reprinter, and in violation of every consideration of hospitality and fair dealing; or the authorized, the sale of which goes in part to reward the author for his invaluable labor, and to reimburse him for the expense he has been at, to live and travel in the country he has studied and criticised as much for our benefit as his own?

THE TWIN-STEEPLES of old St. George's in Stuyvesant Square were for years among the most conspicuous and familiar landmarks in the city. Whenever I have left New York by the Fall River line my attention has been riveted by those two dark spires looming above the sea of roofs, plainly visible from the moment the boat swung into the East River till the bluffs at the foot of the uptown streets hid them and the declining sun from view. It seemed particularly fitting that a church so noted for its mission work as the St. George's of to-day should be surmounted by steeples that could be seen from such a distance; but the fire of years ago which had scorched and blackened them in parts had so sapped their strength that their removal was an act of necessity by no means premature. It is surprising to the uninitiate that the taking down of the two spires should have been a very expensive work, costing in round figures \$13,000; and it seems as strange, if not stranger, that to replace them with brown stone would cost not less than \$140,000. As the life of brown stone in this climate is only forty or fifty years, it is likely that when they are replaced it will be with some less costly and more durable stuff—such, for instance, as iron and terra-cotta.

BUT there are other and more important things to be done at St. George's than the rebuilding of its handsome spires; and not the least of these is the securing of an endowment, so that the problem of making up a deficit will no longer have to be faced every year. Dr. Rainsford, who has made a live church of the dead one he took charge of when he came to this city, has set his heart upon accomplishing this task; and a member of the vestry, I understand, has promised to double any sum not exceeding \$200,000 which he may raise for the purpose before 1896. I shall not be surprised to hear that he has procured the full amount in less than the allotted time. St. George's is a free church, and it is frequented by people who are free in giving when the need is felt. And Dr. Rainsford knows the way to their purse-strings, which runs, he has discovered, through their hearts.



A WELL-KNOWN literary man writes to me from Philadelphia:— 'Possibly you may with advantage "lounge" into a few lines of warning against placing any belief in a certain "Wilfred H. Besant, M.A., Novelist and Poet," who says that he is a younger brother of Walter Besant. He called on me about a month ago, with the threadbare story of being the victim of swindlers, etc., which his poetic nature decked out with details of South America, runaway agents, etc. He had but fifteen cents in the world and the clothes he wore; funds from his brother awaited him in New York, where his friends "the Kendals" would be glad to see him, etc. Of course I mistrusted him and the "immense hit" that his play had made in South America; but nevertheless he told his story glibly, was chatty and only very moderately downhearted, and at parting, I was chagrined that since he had played his *role* not badly, the performance was fully worth fifty cents, which he accepted without any demur. After he had gone, I was smitten with remorse lest I had actually turned from my door one of Walter Besant's brothers, without placing my purse at his disposal; so I wrote at once to Mr. Besant, whom I knew in London, and yesterday came his answer:—

'Wilfred H. Besant,' I regret to say, is a liar. He may be M.A. He may be a novelist. He may be a poet. But he is not my brother. I am sorry to say that my youngest brother is nearer fifty than forty, and thus I am myself past fifty. Perhaps he is my son, or my grandson, or my nephew or my grandnephew. To be sure, my eldest boy is only fifteen. Anyway, I am glad you mistrusted him. The other day I referred a dismal tale of woe which came to me from the States to a friend in New York. He promised that it should be investigated, but told me he was sure it was a 'ghost story.' The expression is pleasing. 'Wilfred H. Besant' is a ghost. Perhaps you didn't touch him. No doubt he melted outside the house into air.

'The moral which I think you can reasonably draw in your remarks is: Let no lover of the drama turn penniless from his door this "Wilfred H. Besant," but give him at parting what he considers the performance is fairly worth. I thought fifty cents was about right.'

J. W. W., WRITING from Norwich, Conn., in reference to Mrs. Burton Harrison's entertaining paper on 'Cherubina, the Last of the Heroines,' in *The Critic* of Dec. 27 last, says:— 'She has caught the spirit of the book in an admirable manner, but she makes a curious mistake when she says the heroine was rescued by her father's arrival on the scene from a mob of Irish haymakers. The edition I am familiar with was published in Boston in 1816, and describes how Cherry (or Cherubina), in the midst of her pranks, entrapped her father, "the fat, funny farmer," into a madhouse, where he was still confined when she was rescued by the arrival of her old friend Stuart, not from a mob of haymakers, but from some yet more dangerous surroundings. (Vol. II., page 170.)'

THE FACT that more than one hundred female teachers in the public schools are officially recognized by the Boston School Board by their pet names, has led a member of the Board—a woman herself—to offer a resolution that hereafter the baptismal names only be recognized. Whereupon the *Transcript* says:—

It is not a small matter that there are more than 100 Susies and Kitties and Hatties teaching school in Boston. They are not, however, exactly responsible for their names. Probably most of them regret that they are not Susan, Katherine and Harriet, since it is very much the fashion now to have the more dignified names. The women's colleges cultivate this dignity in the manner of names. Look through the next Wellesley list. You will find no girl named Pettie Dere. You will find plenty of names that will roll under the tongue like Semiramis Hypatia Johnson.

I OCCASIONALLY see Dr. Andrew D. White referred to in the New York dailies as 'President White of Cornell.' Can it be that any of the able editors of the metropolitan press are unaware that Dr. White resigned the Presidency of the University at Ithaca six years ago, and was succeeded by Prof. Charles Kendall Adams of the University of Michigan?

'THE LATE Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh, the Irish M.P., who was born without arms or legs, was the father of a family of seven children and the grandfather of I don't know how many grandchildren, all of whom were as sound in body as any men or women in the world.' I made this statement in the presence of an English lady the other day, who had never heard of the man, and she promptly replied: 'Only yesterday I received from my sister, who lives at a British naval station, a letter in which she tells me, among other bits of local gossip, that the sister of a certain Lieut. Kavanagh has just given birth to a child without arms or legs.'

My friend does not know whether this lady is related to the late M.P., but I should say it was more than likely. What a feather in the cap of Prof. Galton it would be, if the baby in question were really the grandchild of the armless and legless Irishman.

IN THE NUMBER of *The Publisher's Circular* that contains an account of the recent dinner of the Booksellers' Provident Union of London is a portrait of R. D. Blackmore. It is a mere sketch, and I have no way of telling whether it is a good likeness or not. If it is, all I can say is that the author of 'Lorna Doone' is not at all like what I imagined him to be. It represents an old gentleman with a well-rounded waistcoat, a bald head and a fringe of whiskers under his chin. The nose is long and comes well down towards the mouth, while the underlip curls up and out to meet it. It is not a bad face at all, but it is the face of a successful farmer—and that, I believe, is what Mr. Blackmore chiefly prides himself on being.

### Boston Letter

THE BRIGHT-EYED reporters of the daily press quickly found out all the interesting details of the recent Chinese theatre-party but, for some reason, seemed to catch no view of its successor, the Italian theatre-party of a few days ago. Far down in the 'slum' quarter of the once aristocratic but now disreputable North Street, the bootblacks and notion-sellers gazed with open-eyed wonder at the carriages that were driven to the entrance of the dingy, dilapidated building, whose windows for many years had not looked down on such a sight, while the storekeepers whisked out from their doors to the sidewalk to gape at this extraordinary expedition into Darkest Boston. They saw Thomas Bailey Aldrich and his wife alight, but though they knew a thousand and one 'bad boys,' they failed to recognize the creator of that familiar type who reigns over the kingdom of books. It would not have helped them any to have been told he was the ex-chief of *The Atlantic*, for they knew but one Atlantic—the watery mass at their doors,—and but, one chief of that—the head of the harbor police. Far famed as are Prof. Goodwin, Prof. Bocher and Prof. Lane of Harvard, they had to confess that here at least they were unknown quantities, for the ladies of the party received much more attention than did the learned Professors. Mrs. F. J. Child, wife of the distinguished English classicist, and Mrs. Thayer, wife of Prof. Thayer, Mrs. Charles Fairchild, Mrs. Charles D. Homans and Miss Grace Norton were in the party, together with Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Ware, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Halliwell, and Messrs. S. F. McCleary and W. L. Garrison.

It was a theatre-party given by the promising young writer, Mr. Lloyd McKim Garrison of Cambridge, whose work on the Harvard *Lampoon* and Harvard *Advocate* was the preliminary chapter to broader work in the professional magazines. With Miss C. I. Ireland of Louisburg Square, he had leased the Italian theatre for the evening, and with the aid of a college artist, who drew a thrilling picture of brigands for the head-piece of the yellow program, he had drawn up an elaborate bill-of-the-play. In this wise did the close of his original argument soothe the anxieties of the spectators:—

The swift Curtain's final sweep  
Hides piled-up corpses twenty deep!  
This promises, you think, perchance,  
Mere blood-thirsty luxuriance:  
Yes, but how nicely regulated!  
Virtue survives, serene, elated;  
The Villains are exterminated.

The admonition at the bottom of the program, 'Please do not ogle, talk to, or offer flowers or fruit to the performers,' was a bit of April humor, since those very active but entirely lifeless players possessed hearts as hard as stones and were blockheads into the bargain. They were marionettes, worked skillfully on a stage about eight feet wide. The auditorium was about the size of an ordinary room, but it boasted of a gallery which increased the capacity sufficiently to allow the four-score people in the party room enough for comfortable seating. The great feat of the architect of the theatre lay in his construction of that gallery. The sole lessees of the playhouse had not the slightest difficulty in passing programs to friends in the balcony without leaving the orchestra floor.

This party may start a new fad rolling in Boston, but unfortunately for the impresario, the receipts will never rival Mme. Bernhardt's. When crowded the theatre holds just four dollars and fifty cents' worth of people—speaking from the box-office standpoint.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams's biography of Richard Henry Dana is still stirring up comment, especially since Dr. Holmes's letter to Miss Dana was published in the *Transcript*. That has drawn forth a flood of reminiscences regarding the schoolmates of Dana who studied under Master Barrett in the 'long, low, dark room' of Cambridgeport, with its 'wooden benches well cut up, walls nearly black, and a close, hot atmosphere.' There were Dr. Holmes and his brother, Horatio Bigelow and his brother, John Allston, nephew of the painter, R. H. Dana's brother, and Margaret Fuller. The Rev. Samuel Kirkland Lathrop, that well-known clergyman who followed in the footsteps of John G. Palfrey and Edward Everett as pastor of the old Brattle Square Church, wrote in his privately printed 'Reminiscences' an interesting paragraph regarding Margaret Fuller. 'The extraordinary person among the girls,' he said, 'was Margaret Fuller, afterwards famous in the literary world. She was at this time an ungainly person, with very red hair, and a face and features that were not indicative of great intellectual powers. She was the only girl who, on the way to and from school, went in the same direction as William Stearns, O. W. Holmes and myself, and we often had very bright, funny talks with her on our way home. She was an admirable scholar, and so sharp at repartee that Stuart and myself—I don't remember how it was with Holmes—were careful not to get into conflict with her.' The question which has been agitating the readers of the biography was whether master Barrett was as cruel as the book pictured him. Defenders have come to his aid, and the conflict is not yet ended.

The supposition that a new poem on Old Ironsides was soon to appear has widely spread since the papers announced that Oliver Wendell Holmes had been invited to Portsmouth, N. H., as the guest of the Grand Army Post on the occasion of the coming colonial party on board the old frigate Constitution. I am able to state, however, on the very best authority, that the program will not include the reading of a new poem by Dr. Holmes, who has not been invited to the party and could not go if he were invited.

There is a society in Boston composed of the alumnae of educational institutions and called the College Club. At a coming meeting an interesting feature will be the reading of several unpublished poems by the late Emily Dickinson, the Amherst recluse whose volume of rugged, thoughtful verse, edited by her friends, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd and Col. T. W. Higginson, has just passed into its fifth edition. Mrs. Todd and Col. Higginson are to read the new poems before the Club. They are said to be of the same sort as those already published—entirely free from conventionalities, that is to say, and yet imbued with poetic fervor—literary flowers torn up by the roots, to use Col. Higginson's simile in the preface to her book, fresh and fragrant with the rain and dew and earth. The fifteenth of May will mark the fifth anniversary of Miss Dickinson's death, so that a reading near that date will be appropriate.

Mr. Francis Parkman has presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society, this week, twenty-one bound volumes of manuscripts copied from the originals in the State archives of France and England, and secured by him for study in his historical work. The Society, of which he is senior Vice-President, now owns more than seventy of these valuable manuscript volumes of his.

Two coming events that cast their rays before them are the Parsifal concert on Wednesday of this week and the Kipling recital on Thursday. To give the Wagner music-drama entire in one day, to engage the most notable artists for a single performance, to offer the work without the aid of costumes and scenery to dazzle the eye, seems a daring venture, but the courage of Mr. B. J. Lang, the projector of the enterprise, has been well rewarded. Without inserting a single advertisement in the papers, and without seeking a single preliminary notice, he has sold nearly all the seats already, at five dollars each, and is assured of an audience that will represent the wealth of Boston's intellectuality. He is to conduct the performance himself.

The Kipling recital, like all our fashionable public entertainments, is for charity's sake. Its novelty will probably interest the young writer whose reputation it helps to extend fully as much as its complimentary quality will please him. Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor, the critic and reader, and Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson, the interpreter of the male characters in the Browning plays, are to read the Kipling sketches, while Miss Gertrude Franklin and Mrs. Janet Edmonson Walker are to assist in singing the Kipling ballads set to music for the occasion by several of our best-known young composers, including Mr. Arthur Foote and Mr. Arthur Thayer.

These two entertainments, with the later authors' reading in which Mrs. John Lowell, Miss Lucretia Hall, Mrs. Augusta Hemmingsway and Mrs. William Claflin are interested, will keep literary and musical Boston on the alert throughout the month.

BOSTON, April 14, 1891.

W.

### Magazine Notes

THE *April Far and Near* contains a sketch of Dorothea Lynde Dix, by Miss Josephine Lazarus, which has the effect of arousing a strong interest in Miss Dix, and a desire to study her life more extensively, while at the same time the words of Miss Lazarus are an inspiration in themselves. This is the most notable article in this month's issue; the one that has the first place is published anonymously, and is called 'Some Aspects of Literature.' This paper was read at a meeting of the Literary Union of one of the Working Girls' Societies which *Far and Near* represents. 'A New Form of Concentrated Residences' is concluded, and the second part of Halévy's story, 'A Love Match,' appears. In one of the shorter papers, 'Our Women and the Nation,' by Miss Lucy A. Barrows, the responsibilities of the intelligent but non-voting part of our population are indicated and emphasized. 'How to Conduct a Cooking-Class,' by Mrs. C. M. Roberts, gives very practical and useful information; the Household Corner contains only recipes this month; while, with a recollection of Easter bonnets, the Fashion Department has the sub-title of 'Hints on Home Hat-Trimming.' The one poem is 'Sunset After a Rainy Work-Day,' by Ruth Huntington Sessions. In the department of Thoughts from Club-Members, the important question of 'Self-support in Club Life' is considered in several papers from different associations. Editorials on a 'Summer Problem' and 'Enthusiasm,' with the various departments—the World's Events, Here a Little and There a Little, Books Old and New, and Club Notes,—fill up the number.

The fact that the father of Eugene Field required his son to carry on all correspondence with him in Latin, when the son was a lad, must be a blow to the progressive spirits who would oust the classics from our colleges. Mr. Field is just as wide awake and 'modern' to-day as if he had carried on his early correspondence in the slang of the stock-market or the stock-yard. His face as pictured in the frontispiece to the current *Book Buyer* is less attractive, less 'sympathetic,' than his personality as portrayed by Charles H. Dennis in the sketch accompanying it. 'Tall, slender, boyish, blonde and aggressive, this promising young man came out of the remote West eight years ago. During those years the growth of his powers has been continuous and rapid. Light-hearted and kindly, fond of friends and yet a scholarly man, devoted to his family, and a little child among children, he has been learning lessons of his art in a variety of schools. His capacity for work is prodigious.' Mr. Field is a collector of books, as well as a writer of them, and has many other ways of occupying his daily leisure than in the composition of witty articles for the *Chicago News*.

Sir Edwin Arnold's rather striking face confronts the reader of the *April Book News*; and beneath it is a facsimile of his signature, from which one may get some notion of how 'The Light of the World' looked in manuscript. A sketch of Sir Edwin is quoted from the *Philadelphia Ledger* and a notice of his blank-verse, so to speak, of the story so poetically told in the New Testament is reprinted from the *New York Sun*.—The second volume of *Germania*, a fortnightly journal for the study of the German language and literature, covers the year 1890. The magazine is edited by A. W. and E. Spanhoofd, and published at Manchester, N. H. It includes fiction, poetry, translations, grammatical and philological exercises, etc., and is printed partly in the Roman letter. It is carefully edited, and very neatly put together, and the paper-covered volume before us contains a really impressive amount of useful matter.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Designs

A VERY handsome central tower and spire of the imposing height of 520 feet saves the design of Messrs. Huss and Buck for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine from the charge of want of originality. It does so in a way to which no exception can be taken, for both church and tower are very good Gothic, and all parts of the plan are admirably proportioned to one another. Yet the other elements of the design are perhaps too closely studied from well-known European examples, and the flanking towers of the main front present a rather mean appearance, like that of an English rural parish church, owing to the absence of spires. There is no reason, however, why these should not be added; and if the design were thus completed and properly carried out, New York would possess a really fine specimen of Gothic architecture. Its beauty would be principally on the exterior.

The beauty of the church designed by Messrs. Heins and Lafarge, on the other hand, would be almost wholly in the interior. It shows a bold but successful treatment in the Byzantine style of the



usual cathedral plan—that is to say, a long-armed cross. Most, if not all, existing Byzantine buildings have very short arms to the cross. The barrel vaults, cupolas and broad wall-spaces of this interior are shown as decorated with splendid mosaics and slabs of variegated marble and onyx. Some slight idea of the appearance of such an interior may be formed from the decorations, not yet finished, of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, where, though uniform tones of paint replace the mosaic, the color effect is really superb. The decorator of this last church is Mr. John Lafarge, father of the architect, and one of the foremost decorative artists of the day. If, with a competent band of assistants, he were entrusted with the realization of this scheme, we should have an interior of the greatest beauty. It is to be regretted that the exterior design does not correspond with it. It is, in itself, a rather pleasing Romanesque design, but it gives no intimation of what there is within. The spires and pinnacles should be replaced by gilded domes and light, graceful cupolas.

Messrs. Potter and Robertson's drawings show excellent work in parts, but the general impression derived from them is of a lack of harmony, due in great part to the four square towers, alike in height and general appearance, fitted into the angles between nave, choir and transepts. In the actual building, however, their monotony, at least, would disappear, owing to perspective. The resulting combinations, from different points of view, might be picturesque, and would certainly be interesting.

In the fourth set of drawings, Mr. William Halsey Wood has exaggerated some of the faults of the late Mr. Richardson, by crushing all subordinate parts under a disproportionate central mass. The design consists of a great tower with a lot of smaller towers clustered about it like the rods and axe of a Roman fasces. The big tower alone would be imposing but useless; the collection is useless and not imposing—except to the ignorant.

All four sets of drawings are on exhibition in the basement of the Academy of Design.

#### Art Notes

THAT Holland is still the land of etchers is shown by the display at Mr. Keppel's gallery of works by ten living Dutch masters and mistresses of the needle. Philip Zilcken, Miss Barbara Van Houten, Miss Etta Fles, W. De Swart, Floris Verster, Jac van Looij, E. J. Karsen, A. L. Koster, Jan Veth and M. Bauer are names new to most New Yorkers and yet deserving to be well-known. A more interesting or artistic exhibition of etchings has not been held in this city. Miss Van Houten's reproductive work after Corot, Dupré, Vollon and Delacroix has not been surpassed for fidelity and vigor. Verster's canal-boats, Zilcken's queer fancies and queerer studies of bird skeletons and jumping-mice, De Swart's landscapes and Koster's architectural subjects are all, in different ways, excellent. Karsen's 'Rainy Evening' at the junction of two canals will stand comparison with Rembrandt's slighter sketches, and Veth's 'Study of an Old Woman' is as strong, in its way, as a Franz Hals, and more sympathetic.

—The last exhibition of the season at the Union League Club was of water-colors, and was closed last Saturday. The contemporary Dutch school was exemplified by Kever's old gardener resting in a green nook, by Weissenbeck's meadows with a canal and boat in the foreground, and several good examples of Mauve; and its influence was shown in Horatio Walker's 'Pastoral,' calves near a barn, under a flowering peach-tree. Winslow Homer was represented by two fine color studies, a fisherman and child 'Returning Home' and a farmer bringing cornstalks to his cattle. There was a very clever sketch in pastels from the 'Highlands of Navasink' by Otto H. Bacher, and an excellent study of a half nude figure by John Lafarge. Fantin Latour was shown, not at his best, in a pastel of 'Day and Night,' an allegorical composition; and Messrs. Murphy, Smedley, Vogt and Franzen all showed creditable works.

—Those who like a picture to tell a story and to tell it well should be highly pleased with W. H. Lippincott's 'Love's Ambush' which was shown at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries in the early part of the week. It shows a comfortable, old-fashioned room, with a bright fire burning in the grate, a lamp on the table, panelled walls and a tall clock in the corner. This is the scene; 'the incident selected by the artist,' as the cataloguers would say, takes place at the door, which is opened by a young man in the dress of half a century ago, and behind which hides a young woman who has evidently been expecting him. A number of water-colors by Mr. Lippincott included clever sketches of Swiss, Dutch and Irish landscapes. About an equal number of paintings were by Mr. C. Y. Turner, whose 'Bridal Procession' and 'John Alden's Letter' were remarked recently at the Academy of Design.

## International Copyright

### THE BANQUET TO CELEBRATE THE PASSAGE OF THE BILL, AND THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LEAGUE.

THE DINNER of the American Authors' Copyright League at Sherry's on Monday evening, April 13, was 'contrived a double debt to pay.' Its main purpose was to celebrate the passage of the new copyright bill, which places foreigners on a footing with American authors before the American law. Its minor object was to mark the eighth anniversary of the organization of the League, without which the other event would not to-day have been *un fait accompli*. About one hundred members and guests sat down at a table running round the ballroom in the form of a horseshoe—'emblematic of the good luck and the good guidance that have prospered the League.' A table in the middle of the room accommodated eight or ten reporters.

At the head of the larger board—if a table so arranged may be said to have a head—sat Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, first Vice-President of the League, who presided in the absence of Mr. James Russell Lowell, the President. At his right was Senator Platt of Connecticut, who had charge of the bill when it passed the Senate. Next to Mr. Platt was Count Emile de Kératry, representing the associated literary and artistic societies of France. Then came Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Secretary of the League, and of the Joint Executive Committee of the Authors' and Publishers' Leagues; the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who has been aptly called the League's Chaplain, and who asked a blessing upon the meal; Gen. A. C. McClurg, President of the Chicago Copyright League; George Haven Putnam, Secretary of the Publishers' Copyright League; Mr. Dana Estes, Secretary of the Boston International Copyright Association; Mr. Theo. L. De Vinne, representing the Typothetæ; the Hon. Charles S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Charles Scribner, Treasurer of the Joint Executive Committee; and Mr. W. W. Appleton, of the same Committee. On Mr. Stedman's left sat Representatives Henry Cabot Lodge, Ashbel P. Fitch and William McAdoo, Mr. George William Curtis, Mr. Parke Godwin, President Seth Low of Columbia College, and Messrs. George Parsons Lathrop and George Walton Green, ex-Secretaries of the League.

Other celebrants of the copyright victory seated about the horseshoe table were George W. Cable, Noah Brooks, Charles Barnard, Lloyd Bryce, William H. Rideing, R. R. Bowker, Richard Watson Gilder, C. C. Buel, L. Clarke Davis, J. A. Mitchell, Hamilton W. Mabie, Henry T. Finck, Joseph B. Gilder, Augustus St. Gaudens, Walter Shirlaw, Frank D. Millet, W. Hamilton Gibson, Col. Daniel Appleton, Edw. Dale Appleton, James Harper, Edgar Fawcett, Henry T. Thomas, Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., H. R. Elliot, John D. Champlin, Jr., Bayard Tuckerman, John Du Fais, Walter Andrews, Douglas Sladen, Henry Holt, Charles Holt, Roland Holt, W. M. Grinnell, Frederick A. Stokes, George F. Foster, E. Chamberlin, Charles V. Mapes, Craig Lippincott, Col. Thos. W. Knox, Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton, Arthur Stedman, Edward Cary, William Carey, Clarence W. Bowen, Ripley Hitchcock, Horace White, Benjamin E. Smith, Frank H. Scott, Charles F. Chester, Oscar S. Straus, F. Hopkinson Smith, J. Bishop Putnam, Fred. J. Hall, Prof. Munroe Smith, Frank H. Dodd, Bleecker Van Wageningen, J. Wells Champney, Montague Marks, M. N. Farrey, Alexander W. Drake, Samuel P. Avery, James Herbert Morse, Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, Col. W. C. Church, Major J. B. Pond, G. E. Pond, Charles C. Soule, A. D. F. Randolph, J. C. Van Dyke, Gen. J. A. Halderman, Prof. Wm. M. Sloane, L. J. Hatch, Cyrus O. Baker, E. W. Glaenzer, George H. Hazen, Charles Blondin, Francis H. Stoddard, Mr. Bagby and E. G. Kremer.

From the music-gallery, which was decorated with American, British, French, German and Italian flags, the speeches were listened to by Miss Kate Field, Mrs. E. C. Stedman, Mrs. R. U. Johnson, Mrs. Brander Matthews, Mrs. G. H. Putnam and other ladies. The gallery was directly opposite the presiding officer, at the other end of the hall. Hanging upon the wall immediately behind him was what appeared to be an instantaneous view of a comet, but was really the quill-pen which President Harrison signed the Copyright bill with, and afterwards returned to Mr. Johnson. It was mounted on maroon velvet, covered with glass and surrounded by a heavy dark oak frame, with an inscription upon it.

As a preliminary to the formal speaking, Mr. Stedman said:—'There is nothing to mar our pleasure, gentlemen, except the absence of a few of our guests. We miss from the head of this table our foremost man-of-letters, the chief of our guild, the distinguished President of the American Copyright League, whose chair another has the honor to occupy, but which none other than himself can be said to fill.' Then Laurence Hutton read Mr. Lowell's letter of regret, and all present joined in a toast 'to the health of Mr. Lowell,

with a warm wish that it may pass from a state of uncertainty to that of complete restoration.' The letter ran as follows:—

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 2, 1891.

I should feel highly honored could I accept your invitation to preside at the dinner on the 13th of April. We have not gained all that we wished, but we have won a substantial triumph in securing the acknowledgment of the principle for which we have been contending. I have a firm belief that matters will arrange themselves more to our liking as time goes on and public opinion with it, as it is sure to do. We have every reason, therefore, for congratulating each other and for giving public expression of the satisfaction we feel. I should be heartily glad to share in these felicitations, but my health is at present so uncertain as to forbid my undertaking any such responsibility. With many and sincere regrets, faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

After this letter had been read and the toast drunk to Mr. Lowell's speedy recovery, Mr. Stedman resumed his remarks.

'Though our summons was sent out at short notice,' he said, 'we have a thoroughly representative assemblage, gathered to celebrate, upon the eighth anniversary of the formation of the American Copyright League, the passage of a bill securing International Copyright. We celebrate the victorious result of a struggle, the successive campaigns of which have extended over more than half a century. I do not think of any measure which has so long been fought in any legislative body—unless it be the Parliamentary bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Fifty-four years have passed since the petition presented by Henry Clay in 1837, and the favorable report upon it of a select committee, including Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster and Mr. Buchanan.

'Now, it chances that within the last week our inventors have been celebrating the 100th anniversary of the American patent system. From the first, a foreigner could obtain a patent. The international principle was at once established. The right at one time was, I think, withdrawn, but in 1836, or about the time a copyright struggle began, it was confirmed upon certain conditions. The international right of property in material inventions—in the designs of what were termed "useful articles" and in "new processes in art or manufactures" was recognized by Congress just 100 years before the principle—for which we have been contending and the victory of which we are now celebrating—was recognized, to wit: that the right of property in literary invention—in the written product of the brain—however it may be otherwise conditioned, has no boundary lines.

'You know, gentlemen, that this was fought for, during many years, chiefly on grounds relative to the welfare of American authors, and the development of a home literature. For one, I always have felt that the wrongs experienced by foreign writers, however prejudicial to our reputation among nations, and outrageous as they were, have been less severe than the cruel ills so long inflicted upon our own men-of-letters—of less moment than the repression of American ideas, the restricted growth of our national literature; during that weary period in which, though a foreign author was denied some increased measure of profits, the question for an American author was whether he could even obtain a hearing—whether he could live at all. This was the question for him, from the time of Irving's first struggle, and even so late as the formation of the Copyright Association of 1868, under the auspices of Bryant and the elder Putnam.

'In time, as we know, the chief wrongs felt by American authors seemed to right themselves. But International Copyright had not been gained. The cause of forty years, chiefly maintained on practical and egoistic grounds, made little headway. I know of no more striking example of the ultimate force of ethics than the record of our final campaigns. It has again been found that right makes might—that it is the most effective promoter of even statutory law.

'This result makes us wish still more fervently that Mr. Lowell were with us to-night, and makes us say: "His health was never better worth than now." From the beginning of his active connection with the League, he has put his strength upon the moral side of its argument; indeed, his apothegms, equally famous and enduring in prose and verse, have made the argument for us. You and I, and every Congressman in time, learned them by heart. They became our apostolic and confessional creeds, the first being:—"There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by," and the second is like unto it:—

"In vain we call old notions fudge

And bend our conscience to our dealing;

The Ten Commandments will not budge,

And stealing *will* continue stealing."

'I shall not here repeat the story of the last seven years. There are others here from whom we shall gather some sense of the zest, and suspense, and vigor, and triumph of the final campaign. The main fact to-night is that here are representatives of all classes en-

gaged in it—of authors, publishers, printers, workmen, and of the noble army of legislators that fought for and with us—gathered to celebrate, first, the legal recognition of the international right of property in literature, and, secondly, the rehabilitation of our national good name throughout the reading world.

'Yes, and one thing more. Primarily this is an authors' jubilee. But I trust it is not only American authors who feel like chanting,—

"It must be now dat de Kingdom am a-comin',

An' de year ob jubilo."

We hope that foreign authors—and especially our English fellows of the craft—are rejoicing, are rejoicing just a little, are somewhat in touch with us to-night. We really have done our best for them, through weary and costly marches, often led by those who themselves can profit little by what is gained. We can say with George Eliot, "One must be poor to know the luxury of giving." And we now can safely permit our transatlantic brethren to understand that American authors have for some years realized that the time at last had come when we were fighting their battle, rather than our own, as far as material interests are concerned.

'The road to publication for an American work has been easy—almost too easy for some trashy American works—since the manufacture of unauthorized reprints became unprofitable. So far as respects the Authors' Copyright League, its efforts have been, to use a hackneyed word, altruistic, except for the satisfaction derived from a sense of honor, dignity, right. For what have we now dared to do? We have doubled at a stroke the list of our competitive writers. All British authors are now American authors. The old toast about the commonwealth of those who inherit the language of Shakespeare and Bacon and Milton at last means something. All will now compete on nearly equal terms in the marvellously broadening market of this "Greater Britain"—of what must be the greatest book-mart of the world.

'We have bought this right of competition for our foreign competitors with no small price, and we therefore tender it the more joyously. If it be not a perfect gift, it is the best within our means—as perfect as we can make it. And if we have not yet listened to a symphonic chord of the appreciation which we are assured our new associates must feel, we piously believe that this is due to the gloom of their present season, and because their Anglo-Saxon heart is too full for words and is one not worn upon the sleeve. For it cannot be denied that our new Copyright law, if not perfect, wins at least nine-tenths of the battle. If it were quite perfect, perchance we might not feel so sure that this revolution is not one of those which never go backward.

'The one thing more, then, upon which we congratulate ourselves is that American literature has of truth outleaped restrictions and has grown to that estate in which it fears no just and equal competition. We welcome the wide world's writers to this dependency—assured that their entry, though it may check the production of a class of works that spring up in too fallow a soil, will only act as a stimulant to the zest and noble ambition of the deserving. The prizes will be the more worth, now that the Romans also are admitted to the Olympic games.

'The publishers have ably seconded our efforts, and are with us to-night. Their position, too, has been misunderstood. They have made more than one concession. The law is no more perfect for them, nor are its results much more clearly defined, than for us, and for their foreign competitors. But they, too, in spite of the eighteenth century traditions to the contrary, chose to be on the side of right. Moreover, whatever may ensue, they know that nothing can be so adverse as the want of a settled basis of trade. Nor let the typographers be forgotten. The workingman may be an idealist, but his bread is sweet—nor can he live without it. He, after all, has held the key of the situation, and he has not refused to turn it for us.

'But now, gentlemen, you are eager to see and hear the heroes of the past struggle—and first the legislators who have carried through one of those great national causes from which too many a public servant stands aloof, because there is—in the phrase of the lobby—"so little in it." I shall not draw too heavily upon their strength, for not all of them are yet recovered from the fatigue of the campaign. Besides, there are so many here to-night, from whom we expect—though, for what seemed to me good reasons, I have not set them an example—those brief and rapidly succeeding utterances which render the feasts of our Arcadia so distinctive.'

Senator Platt of Connecticut, who got the bill through the Senate, was first called upon by Mr. Stedman to speak, and responded happily; the League was glad to see and hear and applaud him. Mr. Lodge, one of the chief workers for the cause in the House, followed him, saying in the course of his speech:—

'I think that the passage of this bill shows that Congress, when a matter has been fairly presented, is largely governed on a ques-



tion of right and wrong by a desire to do that which is right. The voting which carried the bill to victory was as disinterested voting as could be imagined. So far as personal interest went it lay the other way. It was very easy for those of us who lived in the East to take a strong ground in favor of copyright, but it was by no means so easy for those living in other parts of the country.

'Decorations have been most worthily conferred upon some of those who have secured the cause of copyright, by the gentleman who has come here to-night from France. We all of us rejoice in such a recognition of service as has been extended to Mr. Simonds, Mr. Johnson and Senator Platt. But there are crosses and crowns of different kinds. There is one member of the House whom I think it not too much to say has the martyr's crown in this matter, and that is my colleague, Mr. Adams of Chicago. He fought the first battle in the last Congress for copyright. He had charge of the bill, and the League owes him a debt for the manly service which he did, knowing full well the price which he might be called upon to pay. I think the bill has been unjustly criticised. The printers' clause is the one to which most objection has been made, and I think the objection is not justifiable. No nation has ever given absolute unlimited right of copyright. We have carried the great central principle for which we fought—namely, to be honest in our dealings with the brain-work of the men of other nations. It was not worthy of America or of American civilization or the people of the United States, to allow the robbery of every foreign author. I think that this law will stand a monument and a milestone in the march of civilization, and will be remembered when the acts of many Congresses are forgotten.'

Count Emile de Kératry spoke in French, expressing his delight in the happy issue of the struggle in which he has taken so keen an official and personal interest. Mr. Johnson was next introduced as 'the Bayard of the campaign of American copyright.' The company rose with him and cheered. He deprecated the compliment Mr. Stedman had paid him, and in the course of a brief speech said that he could point to a dozen others who had done as much as he for the good cause. The list of speakers included Congressman McAdoo of New Jersey, George William Curtis, George H. Putnam, President Low, Dr. Van Dyke, Parke Godwin, George P. Lathrop, J. L. Kennedy of the Washington Typographers' Committee; Dana Estes of Boston, Gen. A. C. McClurg of Chicago, and Noah Brooks of Newark, N. J.

Among the invited guests who found themselves unable to attend the dinner were the President and Vice-President of the United States, ex-President Cleveland, the French and English Ministers, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter, Senator Chace, ex-Senator William M. Everts, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, Senator J. R. Hawley, Congressman Benjamin Butterworth, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Amos J. Cummings and Wm. E. Simonds (who put the bill through the House), Gen. F. A. Walker, President of the International Copyright Association of New England; Wm. H. Appleton, President of the American Publishers' Copyright League; John G. Whittier, Dr. O. W. Holmes and President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

Letters of regret were read from Senator George F. Hoar, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop (who, as a Congressman, worked for International Copyright forty-nine years ago), and Congressmen W. E. Simonds, A. J. Cummings and W. L. Wilson. A telegram from Senator Hawley and a letter from Col. Higginson were received to late to be read at the dinner.

Upon motion of Mr. Johnson, seconded by Mr. G. H. Putnam, the following despatch was sent to Dr. Edward Eggleston in London:—'Greetings to you from the Copyright Celebration and appreciation of your important part in the victory.'

The committee having in charge the arrangement of the celebration consisted of Messrs. Stedman (Chairman), Hutton, Matthews and Knox.

At the instance of M. Théodore Roustau, the French Minister at Washington, the Hon. George E. Adams, Member of Congress, and Mr. George Haven Putnam, Secretary of the Publishers' Copyright League, will on July 14 (Bastille day) be decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

#### CONSIDERATION OF THE BILL IN ENGLAND

MR. SMALLEY cables as follows to the *Tribune*:—'There are some curious proofs of the interest which the American Copyright act excites. It has been reprinted in many papers and periodicals, especially those having to do with literature or books; but that does not secure for it all the publicity that is wanted. The Society of Authors has now sent out to all its members and to others a copy of the act, with some sections, clauses and phrases in italics. Those who receive it are invited to communicate to the Society any suggestions as to the action which should be taken by authors or any remarks on the future working of the act which may occur to

them. Lord Monkswell's bill receives some support, and various schemes of retaliation against the protection of American printers are mooted. None seem very serious.'

#### The Tribune's Fiftieth Birthday

THE celebration of the *Tribune's* fiftieth birthday, on April 10, was a memorable event in the history of American journalism. Eminent speakers addressed a gathering that was limited in numbers only by the capacity of the Metropolitan Opera House—a vast assemblage in which were to be seen many faces as familiar as their own. The speakers of the evening were George William Curtis, Chauncey M. Depew, Charles A. Dana, ex-Representative William McKinley, Jr., Roswell G. Horr of Michigan, and William H. McElroy of the *Tribune*, who presided; the poet was Edmund Clarence Stedman, who leaped into fame years ago by the publication in the *Tribune* of his satirical poem, 'The Diamond Wedding'; and letters were read from President Harrison, Secretary Blaine, John G. Whittier and Governors, Senators and Congressmen innumerable; while in the audience were Vice-President Morton, Secretary Tracy, George William Childs, President Low of Columbia, ex-Senator Everts, and hundreds of other distinguished or well-known men. A feature of the evening was the music played by an orchestra under the leadership of Walter Damrosch: all of it was of American make, the composers being Henry Holden Huss, John Knowles Paine, Dudley Buck, Frank van der Stucken, George W. Chadwick and Arthur Foote. We can make room for only the first and last stanzas of Mr. Stedman's poem, 'On the Old Deck':—

The heads are hoar and the hands are failing  
Of those who watched by the harbor-bar,  
When the stout young ship on her quest went sailing,  
When the *Tribune* cleared for a port afar,—  
Put blithely out on a sea of storm,  
With master and mates and an eager crew,  
To seek that clime where the skies are warm  
And the dreams of poet and sage come true;  
Where the wrongs are righted,  
The brave all knighted,  
The lovers wed,  
The just cause sped,—  
All ills required the sad world knew.

To-night of sorrow nor doubt we reckon  
Though the land of dreams not yet be found,  
For the stars from over it shine, and beckon  
The ship that was never more swift and sound.  
There are unknown seas to voyage still—  
And what if we miss that country blest?  
And what if the fates above us will  
That within its pleasure anon we rest?  
With the wrongs all righted,  
The ills requited,  
The last fight won,  
The voyage done,—  
We shall sigh for the old-time strife and quest!

The celebration was worthy of the occasion—the semi-centennial anniversary of the handsomest of American daily journals, and the one which has exerted the greatest influence on the course of public affairs.

#### Theodore de Banville

[From an article in *The Illustrated American*]

THE death of Théodore de Banville bereaves French poetry of one of its daintiest exponents. Among the poets of his country he occupies the rank which Swinburne occupies in England. He was, before all, a stylist, an incomparable master of rhymes. From 1841, when his first volume, entitled 'Les Caryatides,' startled the literary world, he maintained his position without an effort. Victor Hugo's 'Odes and Ballads' had been published fifteen years before; they were eagerly read, and one edition succeeded another rapidly. Never before had the lyrical capabilities of the French language been so powerfully exhibited. The extraordinary success of the work even brought wealth to the poet; and, while it placed him prominently before literary society, it had the less desirable effect of drawing down upon him the envy of the critics of the classical school, who pronounced him a servile imitator of Byron. But the 'Odes and Ballads' were the germ from which sprang a powerful school of poetry; and of those disciples of Hugo who carried the banner of romanticism to victory none was more notable than Théodore de Banville. He made a special study of the ballade. The books he called 'Les Stalactites,' 'Rimes Dorées,' 'Trente-six Ballades Joyeuses,' 'Les Occidentales,' and 'Odes Fu-

nambulesques' all showed the astonishing skill with which he handled the most difficult form of mediæval verse. He taught an entire school how, with graceful ingenuity, to play with these metrical fantasies, which Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang have already popularized in England, and which several writers of dainty touch, like Mr. Bunner of *Puck*, or Mr. Eugene Field of Chicago, have successfully attempted here. \* \* \*

It was probably through his affection for Villon's poems that Théodore de Banville came to write of Pierre Gringoire, the poet of Louis XII.'s day, whose adventures he wove into a play. This comedy, 'Gringoire,' was first presented in Paris at the Théâtre Français. Mr. Lawrence Barrett presented it here as 'The King's Pleasure.' Gringoire is an important figure in literary history as one of the creators of the French political comedy. He abused the enemies of Louis XII., and thus found cover for his freedoms against the vices of the nobility and the clergy, and even against the person of the Pope. Victor Hugo's account of him in 'Notre Dame' is not historical. The comedy of Théodore de Banville describes him more accurately, and is almost flawless from a literary point of view.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

THE following subscriptions were received by Mr. William R. Stewart, Treasurer, 54 William Street, during the week ending April 11:—

\$100 each:—E. A. Hoffman (through the *Times*), Samuel D. Babcock (additional), Ed. R. Ladew, Alfred R. Whitney (additional).

\$50 each:—Frederick W. Whitridge, Theo. L. DeVinne & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co. (additional).

\$25 each:—Miss Breese (additional), 'H. S.' (additional), Lispenard Stewart Witherbee, Evelyn Spencer Witherbee.

Total to date, \$98,175.44; balance needed, \$17,824.56.

### Notes

MARION CRAWFORD'S new novel, 'Khaled: An Eastern Tale,' will probably be published by Macmillan & Co not later than May 1. It was by an 'Eastern tale' that Mr. Crawford first won renown.

—Mr. James Schouler is reading the proofs of Vol. V. of his History of the United States, to be issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the autumn. This volume covers the period from 1847 to 1861, bringing the work down to the beginning of the Civil War and completing it in accordance with the original plan.

—By special arrangement, D. Lothrop Co. will publish this month a new novel by George MacDonald, 'There and Back.'

—Edward Abbott Parry, editor of the 'Letters of Dorothy Osborne,' has written a Life of Charles Macklin for Mr. William Archer's series of Eminent Actors. Longmans, Green & Co. publish it here this week.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day 'Who Wrote the Bible?' by the Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D.; 'Charles G. Finney,' by Prof. George Frederick Wright, being Vol. V. of American Religious Leaders; 'Excursions in Art and Letters,' by William Wetmore Story; 'Noto: An Unexplored Corner of Japan,' by Percival Lowell; 'A Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology' (Vol. I.), edited by J. Walter Fewkes, being one of the fruits of the Hemenway Archaeological Expedition; 'A Satchel Guide,' revised for 1891; 'The Change of Attitude toward the Bible,' by Prof. Joseph Henry Thayer; and, in the Riverside Paper Series, 'Steadfast,' by Rose Terry Cooke.

—It was not till last week that the 'De Quincey Memorials' appeared in London, though it is several weeks since the book was published here.

—Mr. David A. Wells has received through the French Minister at Washington a gold medal, awarded to him by the Groupe de l'Economie Sociale, Section XVI., of the Paris Exposition of 1889, for distinguished services in economic science and literature.

—Sir Charles Tupper, before sailing for Europe, completed an article on the Canadian political situation, 'The Wiman Conspiracy Unmasked,' which will appear in the May *North American Review*. Signor Crispi, the late Prime Minister of Italy, has promised to write an article for an early number of that periodical, and Baron Hirsch has consented to explain, at a very early date, the principles which have animated him in the distribution of his wealth.

—The International Academy of Valapük is completing a normal grammar of the 'universal language,' which will be published simultaneously in French, English, Russian, German, Danish,

Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Dutch, Flemish, Swedish and Japanese. The Academy of Volapük, founded in 1887 by the Munich Congress, and definitely established at the Paris Congress of 1889, is composed at present of thirty-five members, representing eighteen nationalities. The American members are Col. Charles E. Sprague of this city, F. W. Mitchell of Cambridge, Mass., and Lieut. M. W. Wood, U. S. A., Fort Randall, Dakota.

—The second and last of the Authors' Readings at the Young Women's Christian Association, 7 East 15th Street, will be given at 3 o'clock next Wednesday afternoon (April 22). Mr. Mabie will preside.

—At the annual 'ladies' day' of the Players' Club, to take place on April 23 (Shakespeare's birthday), at 16 Gramercy Park, the clubhouse will be decorated in an elaborate manner, and many persons of note will be present.

—The net proceeds of the recent performances of the 'Antigone' at New Haven amounted to over \$3000. The fund, with such additions as may be obtained, will be applied to the establishment of a home or infirmary for students who may become ill at Yale University. The performers in the play, it will be remembered, were women.

—In the May *Century* the Hon. John Bigelow, ex-Minister to France, will furnish a chapter of secret history concerning 'The Confederate Diplomats and their Shirt of Nessus,' quoting authentic documents to show how the Cabinet and agents of the Southern Confederacy were baffled in their attempts at negotiation in Europe by the important place of slavery in their Constitution. On his way to Constantinople last summer, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith tarried at Sofia long enough to observe the aspect of affairs in Bulgaria. He has since written and illustrated a lively article which he calls 'A Bulgarian Opera Bouffe,' and which will appear in the May *Century*.

—Horace L. Traubel will contribute to *The New England Magazine* for May an article called 'Walt Whitman at Date.' For many years Mr. Traubel has been a constant companion of the poet at his Camden home.

—The *New Englander* and *Yale Review* for April shows that seven of our colleges have furnished 9 Presidents of the United States, 11 Vice-Presidents of the United States, 80 Cabinet Officers, 94 United States Ministers, 193 United States Senators, 670 Delegates and Members of Congress, 4 Chief Justices, 18 Associate Justices, 11 United States Circuit Judges, 87 District and other United States Judges, 506 Judges of highest State Courts, and 156 Governors of States.

—Zola is cheerfully prosecuting his canvass for the vacancy in the Academy caused by the death of Feuillet, making the courtesy visits to all the immortals in turn; but he professes to be certain of defeat, cables Mr. Frederic to the *New York Times*. 'His own notion is that Pierre Loti, the nautical novelist, whose real name is Viaud, will be elected. Zola has decided to abandon the title of "La Guerre" for his new book, which he has already got nearly a third done, and will call it instead "La Debacle," or "Bursting Up." It will probably be rendered in English as "The Smash."

—The Paris correspondent of an English paper reports that the sale of Zola's last book, 'L'Argent,' reached 66,000 copies in two months. Of 'L'Assomoir,' 117,000 copies were sold, of 'Nana' 155,000, of 'La Bête Humaine' 83,000, 'Pot-Bouille' 75,000, 'Germinal' 83,000, 'L'Œuvre' 50,000, 'La Terre,' 94,000 and 'Le Rêve,' 77,000. Zola receives, on an average, according to this correspondent's statement, about \$20,000 for his books, while their sale to the newspapers in *feuilleton* form brings \$6000 more.

—It was a clever idea on the part of a well-known Paris dealer, M. Ed. Rouveyre, to issue his monthly catalogues as a 'Bibliographie Instructive.' Some of the prices in the three numbers of the 'Petit Manuel' before us are instructive. Mérimée's 'Nouvelles,' original edition, can be had, it seems, for 20f., Baudelaire's 'Epaves' for 30, and Murger's 'Sabot Rouge,' with his autograph, for 21. Most of the entries, however, are of books which are altogether too *fin de siècle* for Americans, who are looking forward to the next century, and are not inclined to waste what remains of the present.

—Pierre Leslie Irving, a lawyer of thirty years' practice in this city, died on Tuesday at New Brighton, S. I. Mr. Irving, who was born in New York in 1828, was the eldest son of the Rev. Pierre Paris and Anna Duer Irving and a grand-nephew of Washington Irving. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1848, studied law and was admitted to the bar. For two years he occupied the Chair of Belles Lettres in the Ann Arbor University. In 1858 he married Miss Amelia Pierce of Staten Island, who survives him,



with a son and a daughter. He was buried in the Irving family plot in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Tarrytown on the Hudson.

—*Paper and Press* (Philadelphia) will print a series of papers on the leading London journals and their editors, each article being the result of a personal interview. Portraits and illustrations will be given. The papers have been written by Mr. W. Roberts, editor of *The Bookworm* and author of the 'Earlier History of English Bookselling.'

—The poet and novelist August Becker is dead, at the age of sixty-three. He made a name as a poet by his lyrical epic 'Jung Friedel, der Spielmann' (1854), and as a romancer by 'Des Rabbi Vermächtnis' (1866). In 1876 he wrote a novel, in four volumes, entitled 'Meine Schwester' which gives a picture of the scandalous life at the Court of Munich of which Lola Montez was the centre, and of the outbreak of the Revolution in Bavaria in 1848. For some years past he had lived in retirement at Eisenach.

—There will be an auction-sale at the Bangs sales-rooms, on April 20, 21 and 22, of books in English literature and works relative to America and to Napoleon and the French Revolution.

—When the Congressional Library building is finished and opened to the public in 1896, says the *Times*, it will contain alcoves, stacks and iron shelving sufficient to stow away 1,500,000 books. 'This is expected to accommodate all the books received at the Library for the next thirty years, the present rate of increase being about thirty thousand volumes a year. But when the million and a half mark is reached, there will still be room in the building for 2,500,000 more books, so that, if the structure lasts that long, it will be a century before another building to hold the library's collection will be needed.'

—In your issue of March 14, writes the pastor of a Congregational church in North Dakota, 'I notice the bequests from the estate of Mr. Fayweather. Why is it that in these bequests the young and struggling colleges in our new commonwealth are never thought of? In the Dakotas we have Yankton, Redfield and Fargo Colleges, each of which is about two hundred miles from either of the others, and in a country needing very much just such institutions of learning. Our students are too poor to go East to college, and our colleges furnish the only opportunity for an education. Our new commonwealths must depend largely upon these colleges for educated men for our professions and other walks of life. They are kept going out of the gifts of persons of moderate incomes; even our home missionaries out of their small salaries give to their support. They are kept going only by the sacrifices made to sustain them. We must have these colleges. Twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars given now to each of them would be worth more than \$100,000 years hence, and do more good here than \$100,000 given now to one of the Eastern colleges already reasonably well endowed.' A number of Western colleges were included in the list of those to be benefited by Mr. Fayweather's money.

—A riding exhibition was given at the Central Park Riding Academy on Wednesday evening in aid of the New York Kindergarten Association. The program included, in addition to the usual features of a riding entertainment, an exhibition of high-school riding by Mr. Carl Antony and of horseback vaulting by Mr. O. W. Steigler. For the benefit of the same worthy institution, there will be an entertainment at the Madison Square Theatre on the afternoon of Monday, April 27. On this occasion will be played 'Mistress Dorothy,' an episode of the time of Charles I., dramatized by a well-known New York woman, in which will appear Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood, Mr. Faversham, Mr. Nicholas and others; also 'In Honor Bound,' played by Mrs. Charles Doremus, Miss Josephine Mack, Mr. Palmer Coolidge and Mr. Courtenay Thorpe. The third piece will be 'Sunset,' by the Misses Lawrence, Miss Fuller, Mr. Robert Morrel, Mr. Palmer Coolidge, and Mr. George Dorr. Among the ladies who have joined the Kindergarten Association within the past two years are Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Carnegie, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Stuyvesant Morris, Mrs. W. H. Schieffelin, Mrs. Sidney Webster, Mrs. R. W. Gilder, Mrs. George Haven and Miss Frelinghuysen.

—The first graduates of the Woman's Law Class of the University of the City of New York—the first class of law-students composed entirely of women ever organized—had their closing exercises on the evening of April 10 at the new Music Hall at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. Mrs. Leonard Weber, the President of the Woman's Legal Education Society, which endowed the chair of the Woman's Law Class, presided. At her left was the Rev. Dr. Henry M. MacCracken, Vice Chancellor of the University; and others on the platform, besides the young law-students, were the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, Theodore Sutro, John Townshend, Theodore F. Miller, and Prof. Isaac F. Russell. Students of the University acted as ushers, and the University Glee

Club interspersed the addresses with music. The members of the class were Mrs. Theodore Sutro, Miss L. H. Dempsey, Miss Lucy A. Flynn, Miss Catherine L. Brennan, Miss Lizzie Titus, Miss Marie Webb, Miss E. F. McCartney, Mrs. George B. McClellan, Miss H. W. Walker, Miss Isabella H. Benn, Mrs. Cornelia K. Hood, Miss K. E. Hogan, Miss Stanleyetta Titus, and Miss Lulu Alexander. Mrs. Weber delivered an address on behalf of the Society and the Class; after which came the 'Origin of Our Law,' by Miss Titus; 'Considerations,' by Mrs. Hood, and 'Why I Study Law' (valedictory), by Mrs. Sutro. Dr. MacCracken presented each member of the class with a certificate. The closing address was made by the Hon. David Dudley Field. Finally Miss Flynn, in behalf of her associates, presented a gold bracelet, with a tiny watch set in it, to Dr. Emily Kempin, the lecturer of the class.

—Under the direction of the School of Arts of Columbia College, examinations are to be held at Barnard College (June 1-6) which will bear the same relation to Columbia and Barnard Colleges which the Harvard University examinations for women bear to Harvard College and the 'Harvard Annex.' They will be identical with the examinations for admission to the Freshman classes of Columbia and Barnard Colleges, and will be held at the same time and place and on the same terms of notification. The certificates granted will be of two kinds. To a candidate who passes satisfactory examinations in at least three subjects, a certificate will be given signed by the Dean of the School of Arts. To a candidate who satisfactorily passes the whole examination, a certificate will be given signed by the President of Columbia College. It is believed that these examinations will be of great value and assistance to the schools for girls in New York and its neighborhood, as a means of proving the thorough work done in them by both teachers and pupils. That the Faculty of Columbia have decided to offer them has been due chiefly to the efforts of the teachers in several of the larger schools for girls. Inquiries for further information may be addressed to the Secretary of Barnard College, 343 Madison Avenue.

## The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS

1609.—I, Who is 'Yussuf,' who wrote 'The Ballad of the King's Mercy' in the *London Standard or Spectator*, nearly two years ago? 2. Who wrote 'The Wild Endive' in *The Atlantic* between 1861 and 1865?

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S. C. D.

## Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Arise, P. The Golden Goat. 50c. Harper & Bros.  
Batham-Edwards, M. Forestalled. 50c. U. S. Book Co.  
Church, R. W. The Oxford Movement: 1833-45. Macmillan & Co.  
Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française. By A. Hatfield, etc.  
Parts 1, 2, 3 and 4. Paris: Ch. Delagrave.  
Dowling, R. A. A Baffling Quest. 50c. U. S. Book Co.  
Fine, H. B. Number System of Algebra. \$1. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
Flugel, F. English-German Dictionary. Parts 2, 3 and 4. \$1 each.  
Gay, E. H. Municipal Bonds. 50c. Boston: Damrell & Upham.  
Gay, G. E. Business Book-Keeping. 75c. Ginn & Co.  
Harlan, C. Ida Randolph of Virginia. Elflora of the Susquehanna. \$1.  
Phila.: Porter & Coates.  
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. II. \$1.50. Ginn & Co.  
Heimburg, W. Hortense. Rand, McNally & Co.  
Henty, G. A. A Hidden Fox. 50c. U. S. Book Co.  
Higginson, T. W. Life of Francis Higginson. 75c. Dodd, Mead & Co.  
Holder, C. F. Charles Darwin. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Japp, A. H. DeQuincy Memorials. 2 vols. \$5. U. S. Book Co.  
Keith, L. A Lost Illusion. 50c. U. S. Book Co.  
Lewis, W. D. Our Sheep and the Tariff. Vol. II. Univ. of Pennsylvania.  
Mallery, G. Greeting by Gesture. D. Appleton & Co.  
Moffatt, W. Explanatory Poetical Reader. London: Moffatt & Paige.  
Nero. Valmond the Craak. Twentieth Century Pub. Co.  
North-Western Tribes of Canada. 6th Report. One-half crown.  
London: British Association.  
Richards, A. M. Letter and Spirit. \$1.50. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.  
Robinson, A. Life in California. San Francisco: Wm. Doxey.  
Sergeant, A. Brooke's Daughter. 50c. U. S. Book Co.  
Shakespeare, Works of. Ed. by W. A. Wright. Vol. II. \$3. Macmillan & Co.  
Shakespeare, Henry the Eighth. Ed. by W. A. Wright. Macmillan & Co.  
Sixtus. Review of Prof. Briggs's Inaugural Address. 25c. C. L. Webster & Co.  
Smith, G. Canada and the Canadian Question. \$2. Macmillan & Co.  
Soames, L. Phonetics. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.  
Stevens, O. C. An Idyl of the Sun. Holyoke, Mass.: Griffith, Axtell & Cady Co.  
Thursfield, J. R. Peel. 6c. Macmillan & Co.  
Tolstol, L. The Fruits of Enlightenment. 25c. U. S. Book Co.  
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